

It is I have just got your letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> - the contrast of your  
quiet friendly <sup>Amsterdam</sup> ~~Amsterdam~~ with lonely place and our poor suffering  
hearts brings the tears into my eyes. I wish many many times  
that he had never left you. His recovery must have been im-  
possible whilst he was in England and his excessive grief  
since has made it more so. For your sake he seems to me  
like an infant in its mother's arms - you would have smothered  
down his pain by varieties, his death might have been  
eased by the presence of his many friends. But here with  
one solitary friend in a place else so savage for an invalid, <sup>he has had no more going & coming to his own</sup> for  
I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful  
situation. I have kept him alive by these means week after week  
he had refused all food but I tried him every way. I left him  
no excuse - many times I have prepared his meals six times a day  
and kept from him the trouble I had in doing it. I have not been  
able to leave him, that is I have not dared to do it, but when he slept  
that he come here alone, he would have plunged into the grave in  
search. we should never have known <sup>one</sup> of <sup>one</sup> of him. This reflects  
alone upon me for all I have done. It is impossible to conceive what the  
sufferings of this poor fellow have been. Now <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ still alive & calm, if I say more

I shall say too much. yet at times I have hoped he would recover but the Doctor shook his head and then he would not hear that he was better. The thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him. we now do not perceive any improvement for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have - I can believe and feel this most truly. In the last week a great desire for books came across his mind. I got him all the books at hand and for 3 days this charm lasted on him. but now it is gone yet he is very calm. he is more & more reconciled to his misfortunes.

Feb 14<sup>th</sup> - Little or no change has taken place in Keats since the commencement of this receipt. This beautiful one that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has its rise from the increasing weakness of his body but it seems like a delightful sleep to me. I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind as long the night. he has talked very much to me, but so easily that he at last fell into a pleasant sleep. he seems to have comfortable dreams without nightmare. This will bring on some change it cannot be worse, it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to night. this is the principal, that on his grave shall be this.

"Here lies one whose name was written in water." - You will understand this so well that I will not say a word about it, but is it not dreadful that he should with all his misfortunes in his mind and perhaps wrought up to this extreme end his life without one jot of human happiness. when he first came here he purchased a copy of Alfieri but put it down at the second page "Vikeream!"

Yours truly  
Jas Hayslett.



milk here is beautiful to all the senses - it is delicious - for 3 weeks  
he has lived on it sometimes taking a pint and a half in a day -  
you astonish me about \*\*\* Poor Keats is a martyr to the tricks of  
these infernal scoundrels & thus besides ~~xxxxxx~~ his is rather the  
fault of his than his heart - I can understand him - but the others  
ten thousand worse light upon them - Not only our friends life  
but his very nature has been torn to pieces by them - that he is here  
a thousand miles from his dear home, dying without any comfort by  
one who - I cannot bear to think of it - The Doctor has been  
he thinks Keats worse - He says the expectoration is the most  
dreadful he ever saw - never met <sup>an instance where a</sup> patient was so quickly pulled  
down - Keats inward grief must have been beyond any limits -  
his lungs are in a dreadful state. His stomach has lost all  
its power - Keats says he has felt to death - from the first  
drops of blood he knew he must die - He says no common  
chance of living was for him





We had very warm weather  
before getting here - but it has  
been very wet here & yesterday  
was so cold that I actually put  
on my sealskin. I found several  
English ladies had done the same.  
Today is still colder. Papa  
sets out for a drive very  
often. He enjoys that - W. Furness  
has gone & stays for 3 days  
but comes back to night. We  
are staying with Papa -  
It is quite a Roman life -  
and very amusing too. It  
is a most thorough change from  
England. I get very good  
accounts of the children. They  
were here on Thursday & 5th.